

## Held for Ransom

By Augustus Goodrich Sherwin

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"I shall never see your face again!" cried pretty but willful Nina Wilder stormily.

"All right," was the cool rejoinder of her fiancé, Walter Bross—"you'll be sorry!"

"I? never!" declared the wrought-up young lady, her quivering tones betraying the necessity of emphasis against the dictates of her real soul. "I shall go away from you as far as I can—clear around the world, but I'll forget you!"

"Then I'll go, too!" Walter assured her.

"I shall take the opposite direction, if you do!" insisted Nina, and then she rushed from the room and up the stairs, and throwing herself on a couch in her own apartment burst into a violent fit of hysterics.

It was a foolish quarrel, for never were two beings more felicitously adapted to make life bright and happy together than they. Nina was an orphan living with a widowed aunt and possessed of a very liberal income from the estate of her dead father. Walter had just inherited a large fortune. He made no pretense of active business outside of being listed as president of a large construction company well patronized by political influence, all the real labor of its management falling to the lot of the subordinate officers.

The trouble was—jealousy. Neither had been in love before, both were young, fond of society, petted and spoiled. Because they were mere

her—they were under the same roof, but—

He knew Nina well. He realized that, given the benefit of any abrupt advance on his part, she would insist on torturing him with feigned or real indifference until she had "taught him a lesson." Result: a disguise. It was elaborate. For a handsome fee Walter was transformed into a very natural looking gentleman of the upper Italian set.

Then he set about bribing the hotel servants to learn the plans, for the future of aunt and niece. He ascertained that they had arranged to sail for home within a week. In the meantime daily the two ladies made their pleasure and shopping rounds.

There was to be an international social event that took the form of a masked ball and Walter learned that the ladies were invited guests. Those attending were required to go in character costume, or at least to wear a mask. He secured an invitation. He made a notable cavalier and enveloped in a long cloak as soon as a cab had taken Nina and her chaperon away from the hotel, jumped into a second vehicle and joined their company at a distance.

Suddenly he made a discovery. The vehicle containing the ladies, after pursuing the main thoroughfares leading to the place of the masquerade, turned off into a side street. As it did so two suspicious occurrences fixed the attention of Walter. The driver of the former carriage swung a hand towards Nina's driver, while the latter kept straight on without turning.

"Stop!" ordered Walter instantly. "Get sign—no!" returned his driver, with a shrug of the shoulder, and drove on.

"You scoundrel—this is some plot!" cried Walter, and sprang from the vehicle and was down the side street in pursuit of the other carriage.

It was well that he did so. The days of brigandage were not over in the imperial city. Later Walter knew that the practically unprotected Nina and her aunt had been spotted by a league of criminals. Her diamonds, a knowledge of his wealth had led to a plan to kidnap her, remove her to a remote mountain fastness and hold her for ransom.

Walter was hot in the wake of the carriage as it drove into the court of an isolated mansion. The driver sprang down. He was about to apply a whistle to his lips to summon his confederates within the building, when Walter, close at hand, acted.

He had seized a heavy piece of a wagon tongue lying in the yard. One blow and the villainous driver went down like a piece of lead. Walter lifted his senseless form up to the seat, sat down beside him, took the lines and drove for the nearest police station.

The alarmed Nina fell to a chair stupefied as, reaching the station, Walter told his story. She glided to his side with contrite face and pleading eyes.

"You—you were seeking me!" she sobbed. "It must have been so."

"At least I found you," said Walter, with a glad smile.

"Oh, Walter, forgive me! forgive me! I have been cruel, wicked," she faltered. "Take me back, won't you?"

"Into my heart?" voiced Walter softly. "Why, you have been there always—and ever will be!"

### HAS BEEN TAUGHT LESSON

Never Again Will One Particular Dog Approach Too Close to Any Flypaper.

Trix is just a white bulldog and has never taken a course in insectology. His owner had tied a piece of flypaper on the outside of the kitchen screen door to catch some of the flies that sought to get into the house. Trix walked leisurely up on the porch after spending a half hour looking through the cracks in the rear fence. He noticed a commotion on the screen and walked over to investigate. He looked closely at the flypaper. Then he turned his head. Yes, there was no mistaking the sound. Two or three flies, not yet ready to give up the ghost, were protesting with vigorous buzzes against their enforced detainment. One of the flies Trix thought particularly big for a housefly. But the working of his dog mind did not carry him beyond that point. He stepped up closer and wriggled his nose.

The big fly moved again in its sticky bed. The dog's nose went closer. The breeze blew a rag hanging on the back porch and it struck Trix on the hind leg. Unthinkingly he jerked forward just enough to have his nose come in contact with the flypaper. There was a howl and he thre down into the back yard with the big fly sitting on his nose. Into the dirt the dog thrust his nose and the bee was rubbed off. It was ten minutes before the dog had made up his mind to take things philosophically and quit whining about a bee sitting down on his nose. And now, if you show him a piece of flypaper, he will tear the back fence down trying to get away from it.—Indianapolis News.

As Others Saw Him.

J. Fuller Gloom—I stood on the corner the other afternoon and thought to myself how distressingly homely were most of the people who passed along the street. Just as I had plunged pretty deeply into philosophizing over the matter, two girls fluttered by, and I heard one of them say to the other: "Mercy! What homely people one sees on the street! Just look at that awful-looking old man standing on the corner, for instance!"—Kansas City Star.



### Los Angeles Has a Really Progressive Church

LOS ANGELES.—"The world today wants an electric-lighted, self-starting, eight-cylinder church," says the pastor of the Trinity Methodist congregation of Los Angeles, and in the erection of Trinity auditorium, a new million-dollar institution, he believes he has fulfilled the requirements of a "1916 model" religious plant.

The recent completion of the nine-story church building, with social rooms, motion pictures, hotel for men, roof garden, cafeteria, barber shop, smoking room, nursery, hospital and bowling alley, marks the largest enterprise of its kind ever attempted on the Pacific coast.

Activities of the church and Sunday school are confined to the first three floors and roof. There are 326 hotel rooms on the remaining floors, and offices and clubrooms for various religious and secular organizations.

In the hotel all are outside rooms, many of which have sleeping porches and shower baths. On the roof there is ample room for tennis and basketball courts and an auditorium to seat 500 persons. The roof garden also is used for entertainment features of church activity. Typical of these was the three days' carnival of fun held for boys during dedication week.

The main auditorium, seating 2,300 people, is fully equipped with stage, orchestra pit, the usual stage curtains, drops and footlights. In addition to this auditorium there are four others, seating from 300 to 500 persons. These rooms are used for Sunday school classes, recitals, club meetings and social events.

Motion pictures begin the regular Sunday school service, and also are used through the week, when feature photo plays are presented to the public at regular motion picture show rates. The annual income from the auditorium alone is expected to be \$15,000, while the hotel is expected to yield \$75,000 annually, the cafeteria \$10,000, and the clubrooms and storerooms \$10,000.

### Jake, the Snipe Shooter, Annoys Chicago Lawyers

CHICAGO.—"Jake" is a "snipe shooter" with a national reputation. "Jake" has held the "common enemy" off with even more success than has Captain Streeter. Desperate appeals have been made to the office District Attorney Charles F. Clynne, but as yet the "snipe shooter" is monarch of all he surveys. "Jake" visits the federal building at 10:05 a. m. every court day of the year, and it is at that time his "pernicious activities" start and they continue as long as there is a court in session.

Many attorneys, court attaches, litigants and others who enter the federal courtrooms take the precaution to leave their cigars outside. There is only one place these may be left, on the outside casing of the windows and wainscoting. Court starts at 10 a. m., and at 10:05 a. m. along comes "Jake" and takes the entire collection. Then "Jake," who is a little, old man with white hair and mustache, steps gingerly into the courtroom and takes a seat among the other spectators. After a half hour or so, he steps out again, and there is a fresh supply. All go down into his pockets.

District Attorney Clynne has been asked to put a stop to "Jake's" practices by visitors to the courtrooms, who are annoyed by the disappearance of their unfinished cigars.

"I can't prosecute 'Jake' unless someone furnishes me with evidence that he is taking something of value," said Mr. Clynne. "So far no one has proved to my satisfaction that any of the articles he is reported to have taken were of value."

"Jake," who has been operating for years, says nothing, but is always ready when the "snipe" is deposited.

### Web-Footed Man Wanted to Join Marine Corps

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Because a thin membranous filament connecting his toes made him web-footed, Frank Leque, Holtville, L. I., thought he would make a splendid recruit for that semiaquatic organization, the United States marine corps, and was keenly disappointed when Sergt. George B. McGee, in charge of the local recruiting station, rejected him for that very reason. Now Leque believes that if Uncle Sam can't use a man-duck, he still has a mission in life, and is contemplating applying for a position as traffic "cop" in the city of unfixed leaks—Venice.

Sergeant McGee of the marines was loath to reject Leque for what he was pleased to term "duckitis," and he had momentary visions of the Long Island recruit being trained actually to walk on the water and so, in time, to hurdle hot-foot over hissing combers from one vessel to another to deliver his "Don't give up the ship, boys" messages from the admiral.

But perfect feet are absolutely essential to marines, and since the corps is usually filled up to maximum strength with exceptionally well-developed men, the web-footed one was told that he wouldn't do. Now nothing remains for him to do except to join the Venetian traffic squad, or, as another rejected applicant told him, "acquire water on the knee and a floating kidney with your other accomplishments and you could enter the Patagonian navy."

### New Yorkers Buy Unclaimed Steamship Baggage

NEW YORK.—"You step up, gentlemen," the auctioneer was saying, "and take your choice and your chance. I don't know what is in these packages, and neither do you. You may get something for nothing." And he might have added that you may get nothing for something.

The auctioneer was Max Glauberg, selling the unclaimed baggage that had collected at the Cunard line pier at the foot of West Thirtieth street. This baggage, about the most nondescript collection a man could well imagine, was piled all over the second tier of the dock. There were trunks and handbags, golf bags and burlap bags, umbrellas and canes, and a number of packages that looked like bundles of old clothes, but might be bombs. And it is not at all without the pale of reason to think that bombs might be left at the pier. It has been done; and when a man leaves a bomb at a pier, whether it goes off or not, he seldom if ever claims it.

At one point of the sale the auctioneer held up a square, villainous looking package from which there was an audible rattling.

"It's going," said he, "going, going—" "If it's going off," said a nervous old gentleman, "I'm gone!" And he was.

All purchases had to be removed immediately the sale was over, and the expressions on the faces of the purchasers, when they found they had bought something of absolutely no use to them, was indescribably funny—to the spectator.

Two dollars was the maximum bid. So no one was hurt—much.

AN I PAID \$200 FOR THIS

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## FAMOUS OLD CABIN

Early Home of President of the United States.

North Bend, Ohio, Is Known in History as Having Contained the Residence of Gen. William Henry Harrison.

The home of Gen. William Henry Harrison, at North Bend, which he maintained all through the years of his public services, and to which he retired when in private life, was really in part a log cabin. One who was a guest there in 1846 describes it as a long, rambling structure, part two stories in height, but mostly with one story, with the wide front facing the Ohio river, from which it stood back about three hundred yards.

There were nine rooms in all on the ground floor, says the Columbus Dispatch, and one of these—a large one—was the log portion; it evidently having been originally a log cabin standing by itself, but the owner had built additions to it as need was felt and means permitted, until he had quite a pretentious country residence. The whole of the exterior had been covered with clapboards—sawed boards being too expensive in those days—and the clapboards were painted white. Seen from the river at the bend, it is said to have presented a very beautiful aspect, the white building in its setting of green in summer being particularly striking.

In this log cabin portion of his residence General Harrison often entertained companies of friends, and cider was the beverage used at these dinners. This hospitality was famous just prior to the presidential campaign in which he led the Whigs, and the contest became known in political circles as the log cabin and hard cider campaign.

After the death of President Harrison, Mrs. Harrison returned to the old home at North Bend, and there spent the rest of her life. General Harrison owned a large farm, and it was managed by his son-in-law, W. H. H. Taylor.

Mrs. Harrison, who was a daughter of Judge J. C. Symmes and was born in New Jersey, lived to be eighty-nine years old, her death occurring in 1864, near the close of the Civil war. Her body lies buried beside that of her distinguished husband in the soil of the old farm, where in all probability a suitable monument will soon be erected by the joint efforts of the nation and the state of Ohio.

### NOTHING DOING



### Quite Naturally

"That girl you see just passing us has a lot of fellows crazy about her."

"Why, she's very unattractive. Who is she?"

"One of the nurses in an insane hospital ward."

## HERE IS THE LATEST ALIBI

Briton Asserted He Was Full of Quinine When Arrested for Assaulting Man After Altercation.

At a London police court recently, Frederick Hewlett Burton-Brown, fifty-three years old, who was in the uniform of a captain in the royal army medical corps, was charged on remand with being drunk and riotous and with assaulting William Imrie, a horsekeeper of Bloomsbury square, by striking him on the head with an electric torch, says the London Times.

The attorney who appeared for the defendant said that on the night he was arrested he was leading an officer who had lost his sight in the Dardanelles and when crossing the road switched on an electric torch to see his way. There had been a Zeppelin attack some twenty minutes earlier and the prosecutor thought he might be signaling the Zeppelins and protested. The defendant became excited and a policeman who appeared on the scene wrongly thought that his excitement was due to drink, and arrested him. The defendant had suffered from Indian malaria and had been taking large doses of quinine, which accounted for his condition when he was arrested. He desired to express his regret for any injury he might have caused the prosecutor and was willing to compensate him.

The magistrate allowed both charges to be withdrawn.

## FOR LEFT-HANDED PERSONS

Michigan Jeweler Has Put Forward a Timepiece That Is a Triumph of the Art.

E. P. Foley, a local jeweler, has made the fabled reaper obey that poetic summons, "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight," a Kalamazoo (Mich.) correspondent of the New York Sun writes. He has accomplished this seemingly impossible thing by the simple expedient of inventing a left-handed watch. Instead of running from left to right, as in the case of the ordinary timepiece, Mr. Foley's watch sends its hands around from right to left.

The watch was made because one of the inventor's daughters complained that the left-handed person has such a slim chance in life—machinery, street car doors, and even the hands of the clock—went toward the right hand, as if to talk the person who happens to be left-handed.

Just to meet the situation, Foley designed and built the left-handed watch. Other left-handed persons, observing the ease with which time is told on the backward dials, expressed an interest, and it has been found necessary to start a little manufacturing company to turn out left-handed watches and clocks. A left-handed wrist watch, to be worn very properly on the left wrist, is the next thing to be turned out.

### On Framing Pictures.

A few years ago I heard George Bernard Shaw give a lecture before the Camera club in London. The one thing that I remember that he said was that, in going into a house, he could always tell the degree of culture and refinement there was in that house by the width of the mats on the pictures. Of course, Mr. Shaw was trying to be funny as usual, and as usual there was lots of truth in what he said. If every one would make a tour of the house with that in mind, take down those pictures with the wide white or colored mats and have them reframed close, or if a certain one seems to demand a mat, have a very narrow one put on it, they would really be surprised to see the improvement in the appearance of the rooms. In many cases the same frames could be used; they would only need to be cut down.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Important Discovery.

The discovery of a prehistoric pueblo in Nitsu canyon, in the Navajo mountains of Arizona, has added materially to the archeological developments of the year. It contains at least eighty-four rooms, or apartments, which are all more or less connected with each other. In some of these most interesting specimens of ancient handiwork have been found. Among them is a large, handsome shawl covered with elaborate embroidery which is in excellent preservation, although it is known to be at least a thousand years old.

Beads of jade and other material, baskets, prayer sticks, a large variety of pottery, including several good-sized ollas in the rare black and white ware and some ornate moccasins of yucca fiber, are among the articles taken from the old ruins. They will be added to the museum of the University of Arizona.

### Tongue in Cheek.

George H. Stege, president of the Society for the Prevention of Municipal Waste, says that he could easily save New York \$17,000,000 a year.

"To praise New York's economy," said Mr. Stege the other day, "one would have to speak with the tongue in the cheek—like the girl at the dance, you know."

"A fat man panted to a girl at the dance: 'It's very kind of you to hesitation with me—me, the worst hesitator in the room.'"

"Here he trod on her foot for the eleventh time, and the girl answered sweetly."

"Oh, how can you say so? Why, you hardly seem to touch the floor!"